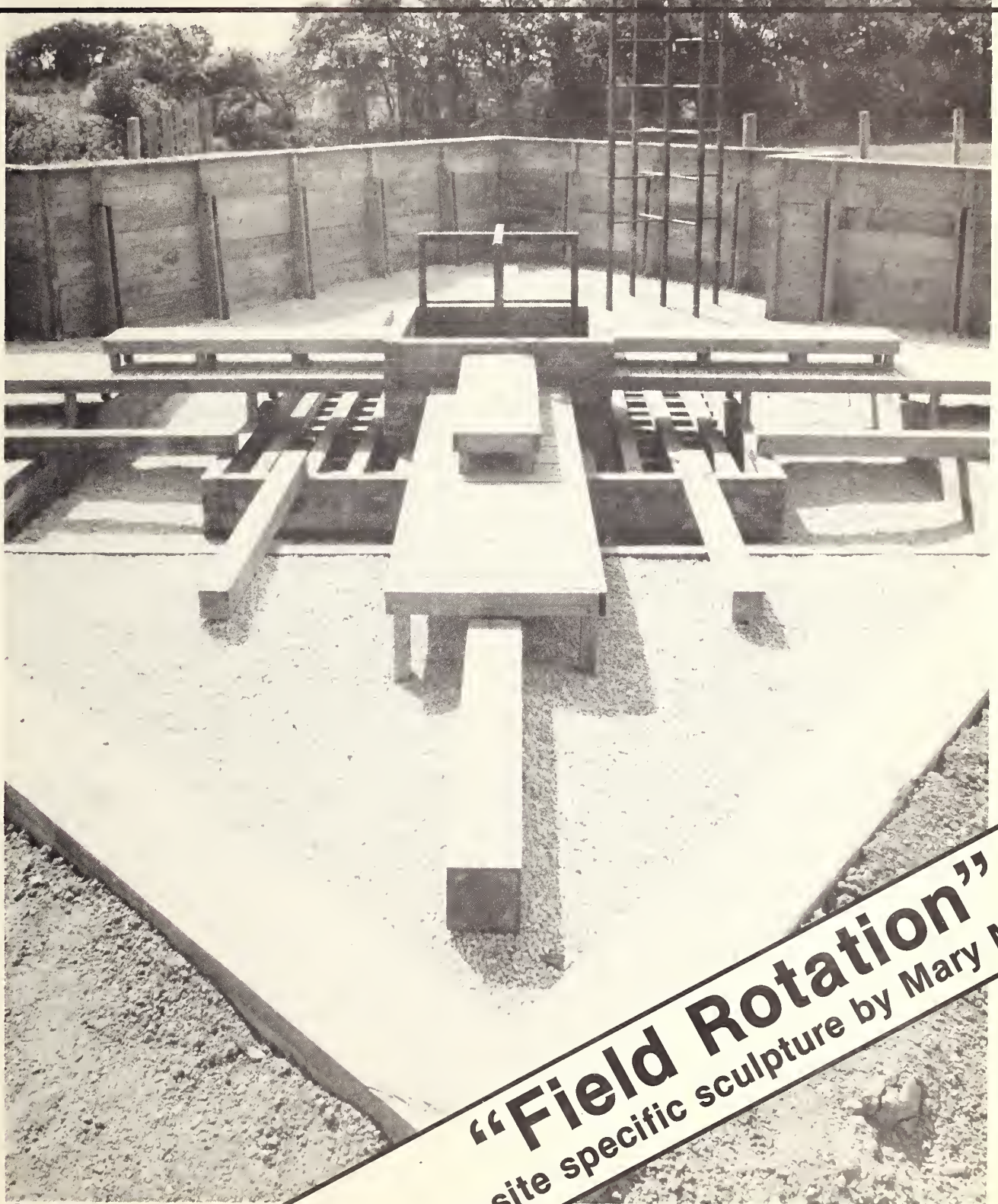




# The Creative Woman

Quarterly



**"Field Rotation"**  
A site specific sculpture by Mary Miss

Summer  
1981



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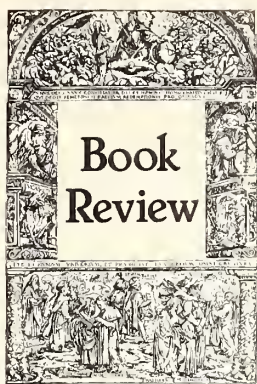
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**ORIGINALS: AMERICAN WOMEN ARTISTS**  
by Eleanor Munro

Review by Joan Lewis

American women have been producing art since there were Americans. But recognition, as in all professional endeavors, has taken a long and circuitous path. The '60s, with its true flowering of the Women's Movement was the final impetus toward acceptance of women in an art world dominated by male artists. With the beginning of this century, women artists were gaining a recognition of sorts, but of a grudging and costly kind, demanding extraordinary talent, tenacity, and inner vision. In short, only the true original capable of survival in an alien society prevailed. And such is the tradition that continues to mold our contemporary artists, yielding a unique generation of American women artists and their art.

Eleanor Munro has chosen to study these unique women, to search out through personal interview and research what combination of psyche, private and historical circumstance, and genius produces such a group whose artistic statements continue to interpret and shape our society and its future.

Munro's profiles of her subjects constitute the heart of this book. With the exception of Mary Cassatt (who died in 1926) each profile is the result of an interview with the author in which the artist shared her memories of personal discovery of art and identity as an artist. All speak of an irresistible commitment--an organic certainty about their destinies as artists, an unquestioned loyalty to that direction.

"Of whatever age and circumstance, however, there were two steps the future artist took to shape her life. One was a coming to grips, the other a breaking out."

For many women, especially those of the earliest generations, this meant enormous obstacles, personal sacrifice, lost or denied relationships and, often, great emotional pain. In the world of convention, where this supreme absorption in an occupation outside the traditional female role has no frame of reference, such difficulties and loss might be interpreted as failure. But to these women there is only one failure: denial of their creativity. Art is survival.

"Lifelong, these women testify, the creative will exerts its pressure. Nothing human stops it, not deaths, losses, pain. But something can send it underground, and when that happens the sense of frustration is unremitting until, by just as mysterious a mental reversal or a turn of events, the will is set free again."

Thus, personal relationships occupy a rather divergent place in the life of a female artist.

"Nearly every woman I talked with had a relationship with a powerful male at some time early in her career or as an enduring marriage...where other women might suffer in such relationships, these profited by going their own way in the guise of following, or by sealing off areas of their lives or, eventually and in due time, taking the initiative in breaking off... The woman of potential knows where she wants to go and does not say NO to help from wherever it comes, though one can expect that self-reliant women in the future may not gravitate to such external sources of energy and power."

Munro's selection of artists, which span a century, are grouped chronologically or by point of entry into the art scene in what she terms "Waves", corresponding loosely to the decades of the '40s, '50s, '60s and '70s. Each "wave" of artists shared and were influenced by historical circumstances unique to their decade.

Prefacing these sections, Munro pays homage to foremothers Mary Cassatt and Georgia O'Keeffe in a chapter entitled "Methods and Matriarchs".

The author defines Cassatt's uneasy merging of stable Protestantism with Parisian estheticism as the base for the New Women Artists, while O'Keeffe signaled the coming of Internationalist Modernism to the U.S. and prefigures "a future mode of art and thought."

"Women of the First Wave: Elders of the Century" includes Realists, Surrealists and Abstractionists who produced the art of the '40s and '50s such as Hedda Sterne and Sari Dienes. Many were offspring of Russian-Jewish immigrants; others were American-born and public school educated. But all experienced and were molded by two world wars and a depression. All were formed in an era of cultural growth and idealism and public expansion.

"Women of the Second Wave: Mavericks at Midway" includes Grace Hartigan, Jane Freilicker and Fay Lansner. Munro comments that all these artists were raised to be winners as products of the '30s progressive education, political activism and cultural optimism. Their parents, as a whole, were supportive. However, W.W. II and Existentialism divested most of them of their illusions, as did encounters with male dominated art circles and the rejection of their work during the reactionary '50s. These artists survived as mavericks in the era of Abstract Expressionism.

Terming the '60s as the crossroads of the decade, Munro's "Women of the Third Wave: Sisters of the Crossroads" includes Elise Asher, Sheila De Bretteville, and The Creative Woman's own Betye Saar. (Betye has served on The Creative Woman Advisory Council since inception and was guest editor of TCW's Summer 1978 Issue on "Women and Art".)

This group of artists came into their own during the '60s era of radicalism and free experimentation: plastic, latex, rope, rock, objects that hang, swing, lay, creep, objects in boxes, dolls, feathers, gloves, old photographs and letters,--even color xeroxes. Money for the arts was

available during this period, but like politics and the social system, the arts encountered confusing new potentials for freedom. This third wave was characterized by "assemblages, Environments, Happenings and isms (pop, op, Minimal, Conceptual)".

The last group of artists, "Women of the Fourth Wave: Humbolt's Daughters" Munro sees as perpetrators of the romantic-scientific-universalist viewpoint. Artists like Athena Tacha, Mary Miss, and Alice Aycock reached prominence in the '70s, the decade that brought true recognition of the presence of women artists in this country. The author compares the work of this group to that of the von Humbolt brothers, whose mid 19th Century writings on natural philosophy and structural linguistics were universal in scope and prepared the base for the research of Darwin and Spencer. As artists, they have "taken on the task of encompassing the whole seen and felt universe."

"These young artists display an appetite for encompassing the world's knowledge and feeding it through the meshes of their minds that one can only call 'Humboltian'."

Their works reflect extensive travels and education. Most are university-trained and have studied art history. All have parents with much in common: mothers who harbored a love of art, and fathers whose professions--usually some kind of outdoor technical work--necessitated world travel. Synthesis of the broad experiences this background yielded, a "near-magical reach for integration" marks their works. They bring a naturalistic perspective to their subjects and build structures to deliberately engage their audience in exercises of primitive contemplation of fear, solitude, claustrophobia. Munro calls these "early works in a mode of art still to be developed."

Author Munro admits that she is on precarious ground in attempting to interpret art and its artists using psychoanalytic methods. Admitting that she does seem to concentrate on childhood memories of the artists, she explained "I was interested in the roots of the impulse to become an artist and what in-

fluences reinforced that drive." She also points out that, especially among the younger artists, such memories came across as quite fresh and significant to the artists themselves. Final justification of this approach is that Munro feels it is impossible that works of art can ever be totally empty of projected human content, and to delete this from interpretation is to substitute an arid professionalism that is only a weak parody of the estheticism of half a century ago. She cites as one reason for the present dearth of biographies of visual artists the "fear of Freudian failure" and the adoption of narrowly art-historical, formalist or phenomenological categories.

Contrary to what one might expect in the present feminist era, Munro has rejected the Women's Movement as the basis for her discussion of women artists, pointing out that one reason women's art has not been "honored enough is that it has too often been considered just that--women's art--and searched for revelations of the Zeitgeist. In this one respect Feminism may even serve the enemy." Stripped of the background she shares with men--a long often cruel road to achievement filled with inequities--"is to show the woman artist as not more but less original."

Munro concludes that "all the women in this book, of whatever age and style, are in the broadest sense to be considered part of the same tradition...their conservationism may be the promise of their future. Women artists of this transitional time, when the world is trying to salvage itself against an apocalyptic background, may have something to say that many males with their traditional rejection of the old, their dividing of the arts into national camps and their thrust to power and profit have not.

Relatedness, connection, continuity: these are words I heard the women of all ages use. If there is a 'woman's art,' perhaps it is here."



## UPDATE ON WOMEN IN WILDERNESS...

### Frostline Kits: A Report

by Pat Watson

For practical, sturdy outdoor clothing at the least possible cost this side of the Goodwill Store, start sewing with Frostline Kits. Even macho men who have never touched a needle have sewn handsome jackets, shirts, down-filled sleeping bags, tents, and all manner of outdoor gear from Frostline.

Strangely, experienced seamstresses are more likely to run afoul of Frostline directions than is someone who has never sewn before. I recently completed the Frostline mountain parka, a wonderful waterproof coat with enough pockets to keep a magician happy. The only time I ran into trouble was when I thought I knew more about how to attach a cuff than they did.

I decided to make a mountain parka when I saw how practical Sharon's was on our recent river trip. The jacket is roomy enough to wear over a down vest, but the cuffs will close tight to your wrists with Velcro strips. There is a drawstring at the waist to keep cold wind from chilling your back and the hood fits up to your nose and down to your eyebrows, keeping even your face warm. The fabric is windproof and waterproof yet porous so you don't get overheated as you would if wearing an airtight garment.

My son admired my coat so much he asked me to make one for him. I told him, "You can read. Here is the catalog. Order your own kit and sew, man, sew."

(For Catalog write: Frostline Kits, Frostline Circle; Denver, Colorado, 80241)

ETERNAL RAINBOWS: AN ARTIST'S  
STATEMENT by Joyce Chizuko Morishita

---

We all choose a language to communicate with ourselves and with others. Some of us speak with music or dance. Others might use words or symbols. For me, it is paint. I am fascinated by the physical quality of paint itself, and of course, its color. Color has a magical and mystical power. It gives life to drawing and adds spirit to composition.

Painting is a discipline, a most demanding one. One hopes however, that it does not begin as a discipline but rather a fascination or magical existence, removed from reality but yet firmly bound to it. Discipline is not forced, nor is it restricting. Quite the contrary, it gives freedom to create. It develops naturally as the demands of painting are more clearly understood. Gradually painting becomes totally natural and essential. It becomes the pivot around which life evolves. It helps to place us in the continuum of human existence and gives meaning and structure to life.

My paintings are usually abstract although I do, from time to time, return to representational forms, especially the human figure. Most recently, I am painting the rituals and ceremonies of life and transient states of being, especially the dream and memory. I notice that my response to the com-

plexities and confusion of daily life varies. At times, I achieve harmony with the madness by joining it and becoming part of it. At other times, I achieve a balance by seeking a serene expression. The appearance of the work may differ, but the intent is the same--to achieve harmony with myself and the world I live in.

My working methods are simple. Ideas are first developed in drawings, watercolors, and sometimes haiku. Each has its own existence but also adds to a fuller, more developed idea, the painting. My paintings are usually part of a series. Often I work on two or more series simultaneously. A series or body of related works enables me to explore a subject more fully. For often at the onset, the idea is vague and less apparent. Painting, especially a series of paintings, makes the intangible tangible and helps to give form and structure to the ambiguities of life.

Painting and other creative acts are liberating experiences. They free ourselves of ourselves, and we lose ourselves to find ourselves. We leave the world only to discover it. At times, the painting flows freely as if the spirit and mind existed in the hand. There is a true harmony between the artist and the work, as one might hope to achieve with the universe. It is a rare experience of oneness, and it is, I suppose, why some of us paint or do other creative work.





PAINTINGS OF FEELINGS AND  
ATMOSPHERES: AN ARTIST'S STATEMENT  
by Sandra Salus Kamp

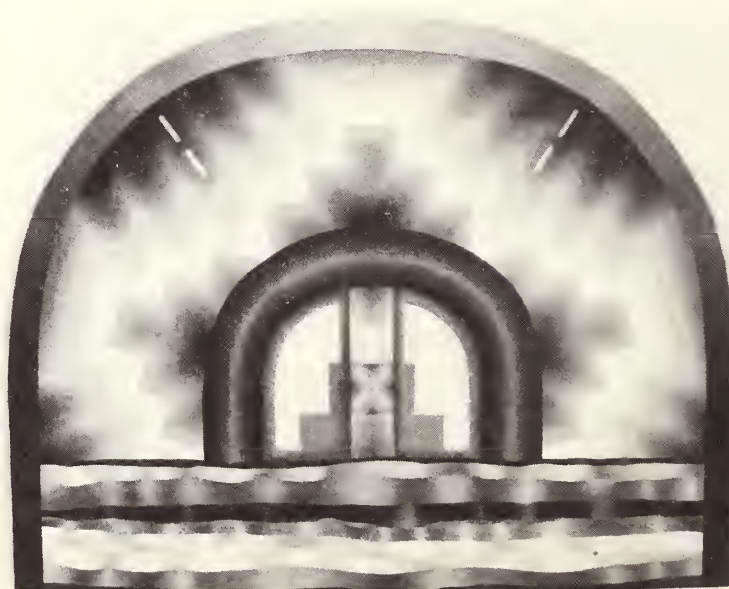
My paintings express what I feel and think. They enable me to creatively communicate the inner visions and colors that I see in my mind's eye. My oil paintings are portrayals of various feelings and atmospheres. They are concerned with the creation of form and environment as a whole rather than separate entities. Some of the personal images are organic. Some are distinct. Many are subtle, blending into the invented environment. Some environments and forms may appear to have a water-like world or air-like sensation. There is involvement with color, paint, and brush strokes, which all have a free

feeling. The techniques are mainly opaque and impasto with some wash. The paintings are alive with movement and energy. They are what I envision when I describe feelings and atmospheres. Each painting has its own state of being, where it exists with its own characteristics, yet the paintings may have relationships with each other. They were brought down to their simplest statements and became more subtle. Each conveys the emotional experiences to the spectators and thus involves them. I enjoy getting into the process of painting, being able to express with a free feeling, yet with control.

BUILDING HARMONY: AN ARTIST'S  
STATEMENT by Julie Haneman

As I became involved with the art of the North American Indians, I began to feel a dissatisfaction with the confines of the rectangular canvas stretcher. This led me to search for new ways to paint on canvas while retaining a less rigid structure and feeling. In order to accomplish my goal, I realized a need for different materials and methods. I found myself sewing muslin, chiffon, rice paper, velcro and many other unusual materials. I was pleased with the new freedom I felt. My icons seemed to evoke a magical, mystical power. I was interested in expressing my thoughts about the unity and harmony that binds all living entities. Surprisingly, it is the balance between opposing positive and negative energy that helps to create this harmony. Breaking up large contours into smaller areas and sewing them back together physically emphasized the fact that the whole can not exist without the act of joining. This also enables the viewer to understand the anatomy of the piece. In other pieces, layers of fabric are pulled apart or cut into, in order that the inner being might be exposed.

I have only begun to realize the significance of ritual in my life and work. "Tucumcari", my latest oil painting is a two dimensional altar. In this painting, mountains, rainbow, earth and sky are represented. On a conceptual level, I am speaking about the act of nurturing children, one's identity and one's life to make it meaningful. The pyramid forms protect a precious essence. This essence, although unknown, is tangible and accessible.



## "TRANSCIENCE": AN ARTIST'S STATEMENT

by Kathleen Crowley Cothroll



I have only recently begun to take myself seriously as an artist. This realization has been one of the most exciting and fulfilling experiences in my life. The urge to create grows stronger by the day.

While this stimulation invigorates me, it also opens my vulnerabilities. Each painting is a mirror of my emotional state at the time of the creation. It is unnerving at times to bare one's soul for all to view, as interpretations are often quite the opposite of the intended or even the unconscious state of my feelings.

Moved by visual encounters with my motifs, i.e. flowers, birds, human figures, I re-interpret these forms, adding more life or motion to them. For me, the bird is expressive, powerful, graceful, free; flowers symbolize softness, beauty, femininity; and woman is the symbol of birth, re-birth and strength.

Equally important to the imagery of my works is the lighting, which perhaps might be viewed as unnatural and at times almost celestial. It emphasizes the energy force I wish to capture in my works.

Another underlying theme in my paintings and drawings is the unity or interdependence of life forms as well as the similarities in organic shapes. Combined with the often airy and fragile qualities of my forms is the feeling of brevity, the inevitability of change or dying out, a brief interruption of a more enduring state of life--TRANSCIENCE.

## "A FEELING OF DYNAMISM"

by Barbara W. Graham

I began to develop my painting by experimenting with twisted forms in space. While studying El Greco and Turner, both for content and color, I painted my own feeling of depth in atmosphere with play of light and reflections.

The Masters' handling of drapery and the floating forms of figures seen in religious paintings became inspirations for my abstract draping of shell-like forms. I also became interested in changes of texture within a painting. At times I used a heavy impasto, combined with very thin glazes of paint.

A strong force or direction of dynamism seemed to evolve when my work became more activated with forms in atmosphere using the elements of fire, wind, air and water. Finally my painting took on a cosmic, atmospheric feeling with sensual vibrations.



## JUDITH LACARIA: ARTIST AND TEACHER

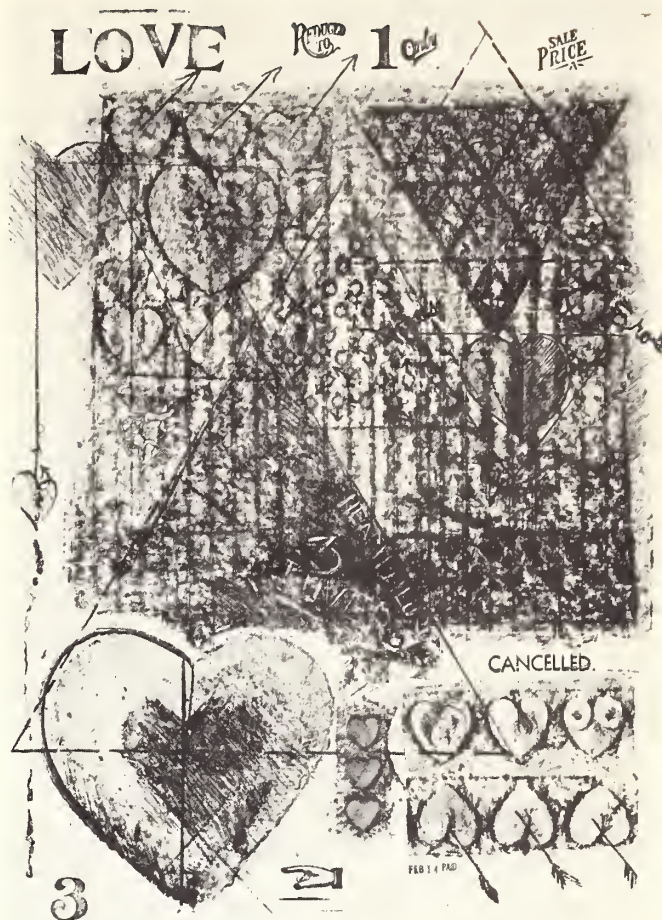
by Lynn Thomas Strauss

Judith Lacaria first experienced a love of printmaking while an art student at University of Wisconsin, Madison. She found her drawings, when printed, took on a new strength. In that strong image she discovered an important part of herself. Lacaria likes the technical aspects of art as well as the spontaneous aspects and she loves working with printmaking equipment--manipulating and testing its possibilities. "While I don't separate the technical from the creative process, I enjoy that phase when some of the creative work is done and the hands take over--allowing the mind to soar," says Lacaria. Her eyes light up with excitement as she talks about using the huge presses.

Much of Lacaria's early work was social satire in nature and "printmaking," she says, "is traditionally art for the masses--a social commentary in original fine art form that the average person can afford". One of her prints is a sympathetic treatment of the Chicago Seven Trial and Lacaria was pleased to personally present one of the eight copies of this print to Tom Hayden when he spoke at Governors State University in 1979.

Lacaria has always been an artist of great versatility. As a child she was the class artist, doing the costumes and the prom decorations. She hung around her father's workshop borrowing tools and supplies for her continual projects. He was a good craftsman and from him she learned to work carefully and with precision. She remembers making movable toy circuses and greeting cards with all kinds of in-lays and pop-ups. She has always felt that "anything I can draw, I can build and make work". Lacaria says she tends toward 11th hour solutions for design problems and will often work till dawn if things are going well.

In her professional career she has, in addition to print-making, done painting, publications design and illustration, advertising display construction, costume



design, set design and construction and typography. The artist's plans for the future are as richly varied as her history. She describes herself as an observer of human nature with a special interest in how things work. "Ideas come to me in titles," says Lacaria, "I rummage around in my mind and lists come out".

Judith has experienced the last year as a time of introspection and transition. She feels inner preparation is leading her to some new form of personal expression.

Spending even a brief time with Ms. Lacaria, I found myself exhilarated by her energy and enthusiasm. Along with the technical information that she so succinctly communicates, I felt the force of her excitement and her love for her art.

Lacaria radiates energy and in fact one of her most fascinating series of prints is a study of the form and textures

of the pyramid shape which she calls "Energy Forms". The pyramid is one of many symbols that re-appear throughout her work. She responds to the energy and spirituality of the pyramid and enjoys the design possibilities inherent in its form.

She also loves to recycle symbols, ideas and pieces and has done some exciting wood-cut puzzles with interchangeable pieces.

It is easy to see how Lacaria's energy and enthusiasm combine to make her a dynamic and skillful teacher. Lacaria says, "I love teaching art because there truly is a meaningful exchange between student and teacher". "In helping students to see what they can't see...in stimulating their growth, I participate in yet another creative process. It's meaningful work and it's a chance to impart something philosophically as well as artistically--it's a chance to expand the knowledge of the universe".

THE THINGS I MUST DO  
TO KEEP ME WHOLE  
TO ROUND THE SPHERE  
THAT SHAPES MY SOUL  
THAT CAPTURES THE SPACE  
THAT PERCEIVES THE OBLIQUE  
PUTS IN PROPER PERSPECTIVE  
THE VISION I SEEK

By J. Lacaria



BUILDING IMAGES: AN INTERVIEW  
WITH M. S. MYROW

by Lynn Thomas Strauss

For Melinda Sue Myrow, an artist living in Park Forest, Illinois, the perfect life would include an isolated studio and loft apartment, a mentor, and half the year spent in a purge of social activity with the other six months devoted entirely to painting and print making.

Sue is a young, attractive painter/print maker who though somewhat timid, radiates self-confidence and warmth. There is in her penetrating green gaze, a hint of the depth of her artistic vision.

Sue's inspiration is the human body and its many faces; so contact with

people is essential. Reading is also an important source of images.

"Whatever I'm doing, images are building up," she says. "I don't analyze or think about what I do."

"My art is a form of total personal self-expression. It is the process that is important. Once the product is completed, I generally have no interest in it."

"The whole beauty of being an artist," according to Ms. Myrow, "is learning on your own--constantly discovering and comparing images and seeing how they blend together."

Sue paints in water color because she finds it involving. She is mesmerized by colors and forms. "Water color, while it can be a technically difficult medium, is also beautifully tender and fluid--new images develop as I work," she states. "I work toward a balance between controlling the medium and having the medium control my work."



There is a warm engrossing sensuality in Ms. Myrow's work. She is concerned with skin against skin and how that feels, and how certain body parts mix or fit together. Sue describes it as "lips on lips--cheek to cheek--like Siamese-twin cherries--my whole being responds to that look."

As I viewed Sue's work I experienced a sense of vitality and depth of meaning. The longer I looked, the more I saw.

Sue does feel that art should be 'meaningful'. "I respond," she says, "to art when I feel it is from the heart; it can be admirable technically, but if it doesn't strike a chord--it's useless."

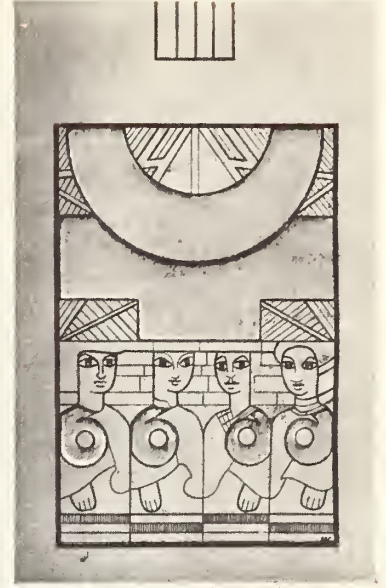
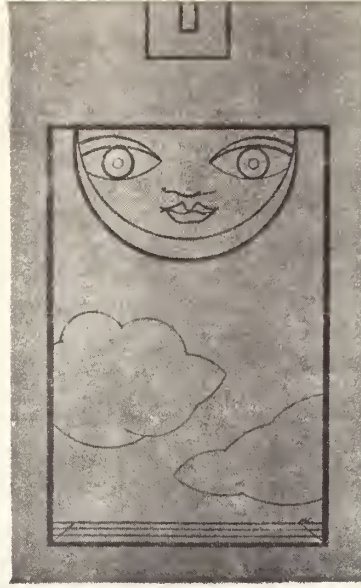


I also appreciated Sue's use of color. Her pastels are strong yet muted. And much of her work has a suggestion of humor about it. While there are recurring themes in Sue's work, each piece is quite different from the rest. Though Sue told me that she loves print making, I was more drawn to her water colors.

Living and working in the south suburbs, Sue has felt herself connected to, and supported by, a local concern for artistic development. She has exhibited at the Park Forest Art Center and the Park Forest Art Fair and she received a talent scholarship at Governors State University. She also has work on display in the Rental Sales Gallery of the Art Institute in Chicago. Her greatest encouragement came from her father, Gerry Myrow, who was a composer, musician and teacher of music, and her mother, Beverly Myrow, a harpist and teacher.

In spite of this support, the difficulties of an artist's life are formidable. Finding a place to work and paying the bills are only the beginning. As Sue says, "it can take months to complete a painting. As I work I am either elated or depressed about the results. The high cost of art materials is very inhibiting. I want to experiment with a particular image again and again, but I can't afford the paper required for creative experimentation." Then when the work is finished, Sue must be her own salesperson. She finds self promotion very difficult and time consuming.

Fortunately Sue continues to work in spite of these difficulties. Both as an artist and a person Sue has a great deal to give. Spending an afternoon with her and experiencing her work, I was struck by her sincerity, her unfolding talent, and her determination to succeed.



## COSMOSIS: An Interview with Marlena Chandler

by Lynn Thomas Strauss

It often seems that expanding a hobby into a vocation can result in a more fulfilling work life. If this sounds easy, then talk to Marlena Chandler, graphic artist designer living in Park Forest South and working in ICC at Governors State University-- discover how hard it really is. Marlena has taken the centuries old tradition of Tarot and experimented with an original and revolutionary interpretation. Introduced to Tarot by a friend ten years ago, Marlena has gone on in her study of this ancient art of prediction. Tarot uses a set of cards to project what might occur for either good or ill in a person's life. There are a variety of possible Tarot readings such as a reading for an immediate problem, a 7-day reading, a monthly or a yearly reading. Because there are many variables and since the ancient Tarot Cards were designed so long ago, the complexities of our modern society are often not reflected in those cards. To resolve this, Marlena has applied her artistic abilities to the creation of originally designed Tarot Cards, which she calls COSMOSIS. Hers are a modification of the visuals of the original

designs. Her designs are etched and then printed. COSMOSIS cards are designed for positive readings and the beauty and symetry of design certainly evoke a peaceful and positive response. Her work is quite detailed and each card represents hours of careful design and experimentation. Marlena experiences Tarot as a form of meditation: "It helps you see yourself and your relation to others more clearly."

Marlena's Tarot Cards reflect a balance of the fine arts and aspects of modern design. "It's the achieving of this balance that makes the work so difficult and so experimental," says Ms. Chandler.

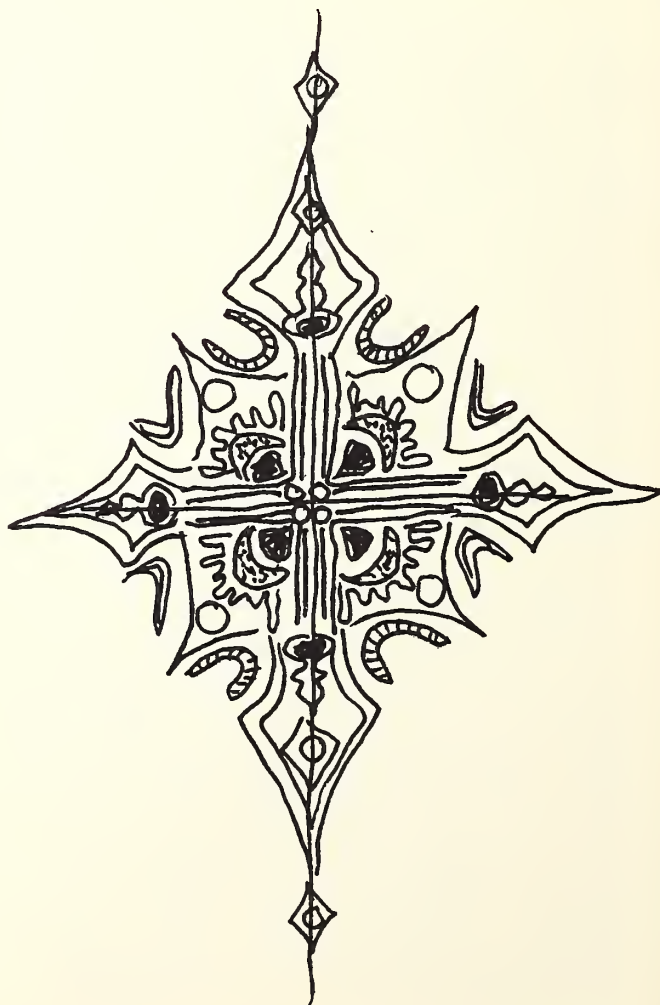
Marlena, being a quiet rather reserved person, doesn't talk easily about herself. But she is generous in her praise of those who have supported her in her artistic pursuits. In her list she includes a grade school art teacher, her parents, some high school teachers, an uncle whose hobby was silk-screening, a scholarship program at the Art Institute, and most especially Judith Lacaria, art professor and teacher of printmaking at Governors State University. Chandler says, "Ms. Lacaria's technical knowledge and her demand for high quality

work have been very influential in my artistic growth."

Marlena also stresses the significance of GSU as an artistic resource in the south suburbs. "Printmaking requires huge, expensive equipment and GSU is the only place where I have access to the equipment necessary to pursue my art form," states Chandler.

Marlena's blending of artistic and psychic abilities is interesting and unusual. There are 78 Tarot Cards in all. So far Marlena has completed 22 Cards in her original design. Rather than feeling overwhelmed by the scope of the task she has set herself, she seems quietly determined yet flexible in her expectations of completion of this engrossing work. She hopes to continue her struggle of blending the graphic and the fine arts, both in her employment and in her artistic endeavor.

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ARTIST MEETS THE ENVIRONMENT:  
MARY MALONE

Local artist Mary Malone of Park Forest makes her living as a free lance graphic artist. Comfortable in a variety of media, Mary primarily works with prints, landscapes and calligraphy. The artist was educated at the University of Kansas, where she earned her BFA in painting. After a period of retirement to raise a family, Mary returned to school to study under Judith Lacaria at Governors State University, where she received her MA in printmaking in 1979, and worked as a graphic artist in the Instructional Communications Center. Mary continues her association with the University through several free lance projects each year. She also teaches calligraphy at the Park Forest Art Center and the Jewish Community Center in Flossmoor.

Mary has exhibited in the Chicago area at Tolentine College (1980) with a one woman show of prints and landscapes--"Studies of Stuba Pond"--for which she won an honorable mention. Her works have also been shown at the Park Forest Art Gallery, Park Forest Art Fairs, the Northwestern University Library (with the Chicago Calligraphy Collective exhibit) and can currently be seen at the Trochtenberg Gallery in Merrillville, Indiana.

Since her student days, Mary has been facinated with the GSU campus grounds, especially Stuba Pond, which she describes as "a magnificient area". She sees the site as the focus of a possible study called "the artist meets the environmentalist" and has worked with environmentalist faculty member Tom Mule' on a GSU Nature Trail Guide. The brochure identifies through drawings and text flora growing along the nature trail which is located on the GSU campus. The relationship of artist and environment is a special concern of Mary's--one she would like to explore through future study of this area in paintings and drawings.

The site chosen by sculptor Mary Miss (see cover and p. 20-21) adjoins The Nature Trail and is an advanced expression of what Malone might mean by "the artist meets the environment".



### KAREN PAGE: FIBER ARTIST

Whether a fabric is soft, scratchy, coarse or flimsy has always made a difference to me. I was the little person in an elevator that always wiggled my way over to stand beside the lady in the fur coat or mohair jacket so I could touch or at least get my face close to the fabric. As a child I drove the sales clerks in yardage departments crazy. To this day I can't walk by bolts of fabric without touching every single one. I'm sorry, I just can't help it. It's not too surprising that I was knitting by 5 or 6, embroidering pillowcases by 8 and sewing my own clothes by the time I entered high school.

I guess I always had an interest in textiles and I leaned on my tactile sense more than I realized. Working with my hands in a creative way is a very important part of my daily life. If I go a few days without working on a project I get anxious, frustrated and as my kids say "cranky". Working on a weaving, spinning some wool, picking up some creative crochet or needlelace will improve my disposition every time. I take my work seriously and it means far more to me than a casual hobby. I study, read and want to understand how an eleven-strand African braid works, or how certain bobbin lace patterns are formed, or how to loop heavy cord together to make a hammock. Searching out and solving an unknown process requires imagination and creativity. Fig-

uring it out results in satisfaction and sometimes leads to some other information or technique that was not anticipated. These "surprises" keep my work interesting.

Keeping many kinds of projects going at the same time--all the time--is necessary for me. My notebook, filled with ideas for future projects, seems unending. The new ideas never stop coming. I care about the things I produce--but my real joy and excitement revolve around the process of my work.

*Karen Page is a fiber artist currently working on a master's degree in art history with an emphasis in primitive art at GSU. She lectures and teaches in the Chicago area and has studied in Afghanistan, Pakistan and China. She is married and has two teenagers and lives in Oak Forest, Ill. Her work is displayed in many businesses, office buildings, model homes and private residences.*



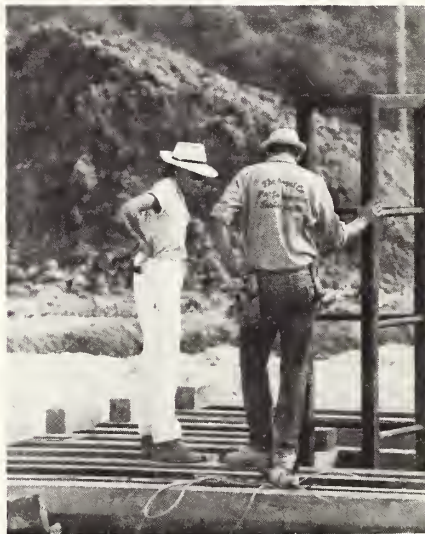
**"Field Rotation," a site specific sculpture by Mary Miss, August, 1981, Governors State University . . .**



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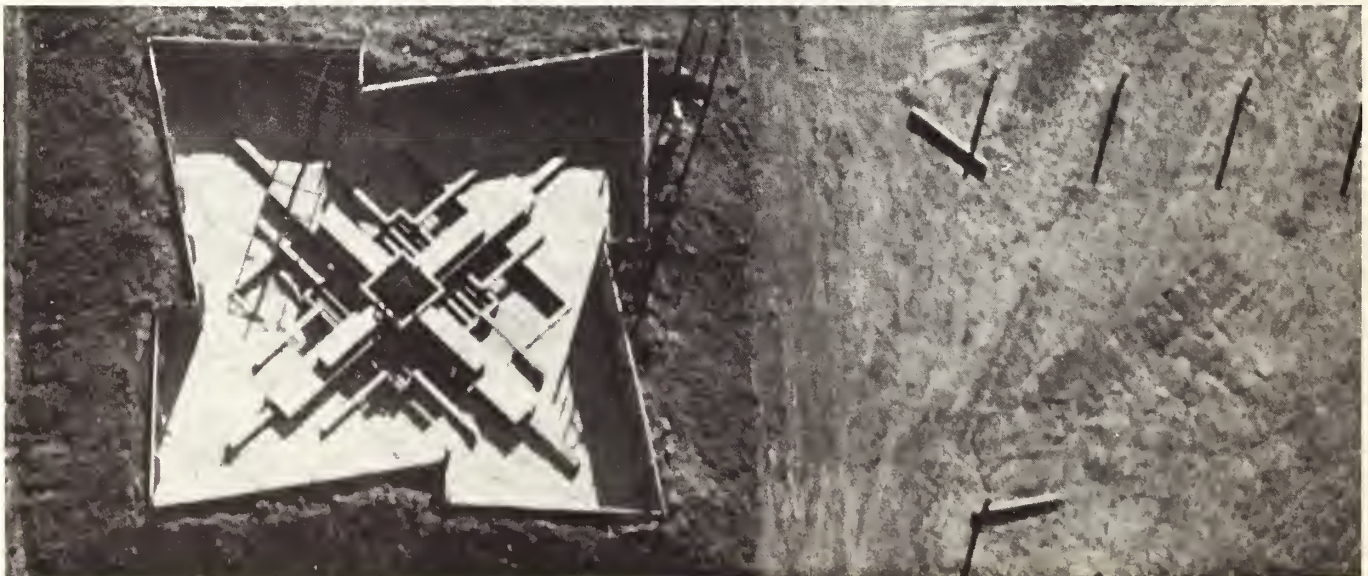
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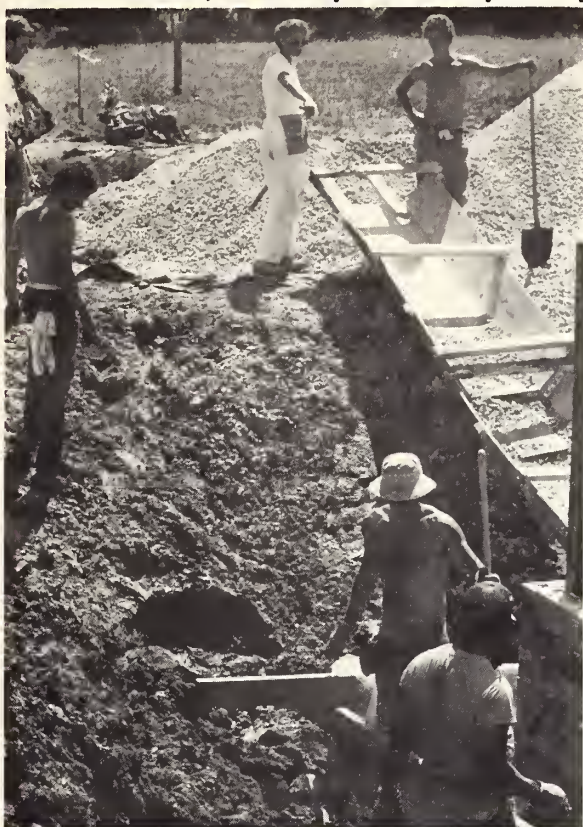
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**Photographs by Karen Deslierres and Buzz Hume**

KD

**"Field Rotation," a site specific sculpture by Mary Miss, August, 1981, Governors State University . . .**



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**Photographs by Karen Deslierres and Buzz Hume**



KD

## TIME TO COMMENCE\*

address by Nancy M. Haegel

Mr. President, Father Hesburgh, all of you who have come to celebrate with us today, and, most especially, my fellow classmates:

Today has been an emotional day for me, at the end of a very emotional week. It seems that everything that has happened has happened for the last time, or for the first time. This week, for the last time, I walked around this campus as if it were truly mine. Still wearing my band jacket and jeans, still possessing a key to a dorm room in Breen Phillips, I clung to my status as a student. For the first time, however, I have on my desk a piece of literature from the alumni club; and I can no longer deny that it has my name on it.

This morning, for what I hope was the last time for awhile, I woke up six feet off the floor in my bunk bed and looked around my dorm room. It clearly occurred to me for the first time, however, that I am hoping to move into an unfurnished apartment soon; and one yellow beanbag chair and a stereo will no longer suffice. I don't know if you have shared these experiences, but there is one thing we all have in common today. Our degrees will soon be conferred. It's over. One goal has been met, and we have been celebrating that fact now for almost two weeks.

Graduation is a common dream that has become reality for the class of '81. But as a community, we have shared many other hopes and visions that are far from being realized in our present world. We have hoped and prayed for a world at peace, a world where we share what we have, a world where we treat one another with respect. This is a simple hope, easily stated; but we live and work in an extremely complex world - a world often at war, a world that often disregards the dignity of the individual. If we have learned anything in our study here, we have learned that there are no

simplistic solutions for most of the situations that lead us to war and injustice. In our society, causes are often hard to pinpoint, and effects are unpredictable. We see yesterday's solutions become today's problems, and the future promises to hold much more of the same. Sometimes, in the midst of all this, it seems that there is no place for simple dreams or youthful dreamers in the so-called 'real world.'

I refuse to believe that this is true. Just because the vision we hold at Notre Dame cannot be easily achieved does not mean that it is any less worthy of our belief and our dedication. We have studied at a special place, a place where people are not afraid to dream and to commit themselves to making those dreams come true. Now it is time to leave the place behind, but the vision is ours to keep and it has been entrusted to our keeping. Our only hope of combating violence and injustice, our only hope of turning our prayers into reality, is to plunge completely into our complex and hurting world - and to carry our simple dream right in with us.

I believe that our greatest hope and vision - our greatest dream - is for a world where life is respected as the gift that it is. The education we have received has allowed us to see ourselves as part of a world community, to recognize that the boundaries of both our influence and our concern go beyond the limits of our community and our nation. We need to realize that the wasteful loss of life - whether it occurs in a speeding car or at the barrel of a gun, whether it is performed by an individual in the name of revenge or by the state in the name of justice, whether its victim is a classmate of ours or a peasant in a small foreign land - is a loss we all share. In the eyes of the Creator, there is never any question of "them or us." We are one body and we suffer together, most often from self-inflicted wounds. Our simple hope is that someday soon we will stop hurting ourselves. At Notre Dame, we continue to believe together that this can happen; we continually remind ourselves that it doesn't have to be the way it is.

A world where life is respected means much more than simply the absence of violent action and death. It means the presence of an environment that allows and encourages all people to live rather than to merely exist. If we look at our world and our society, I think we have to admit that such an environment is not widespread. We need to work to transform those structures and systems--be they economic, political, social--that prevent people from living their lives freely and fully. I found that a frightening thought when I first encountered it; and I still do to some extent. I have benefitted and felt secure under many of the same systems that enslave and victimize other people. But I must struggle to not let that security blind me. Often in our study of history, we look back on instances of slavery and injustice and we think, "How could they do that? How could they be so morally blind?" Such hindsight, however, is only valuable if it gives us the courage to see the suffering people who are now hidden in our moral blindspots. Our theme is not merely live and let live - but live and share life fully.

Thus, we have a vision of a world where life is not wasted, and where it is allowed to blossom to the full. And we are not alone. This has been the vision, the simple dream, of women and men throughout the ages.

As graduates of the University of Notre Dame, it is both our gift and our challenge that we are in a position to do much more than just envision such a world. We have gifts with which to speak and write, experiment and apply, envision and create. Our use of those gifts will influence the lives of many people. E. F. Schumacher wrote a book entitled Small is Beautiful and he subtitled it "Economics as if People Mattered." I would suggest that we could also appropriately speak of 'engineering as if people mattered, medicine as if people mattered; teaching, business, writing, research, ministry of any kind--as if people mattered.' All our works, all our gifts have the potential of contributing to the protection and enrichment of life.

There's a line from a folk song that captures the spirit with which we leave Notre Dame. It's one of my favorite songs, and it ends with the words:

For our hands are strong  
And our hearts are young  
And the dreamers keep dreamin'  
ages long.

The world always seems to be waiting, ages long. But there are parts of it out there, places where you and I will go, that have waited long enough. It is time to commence.

\* Commencement address given in June 1981 at Notre Dame University. First published in Notre Dame alumni magazine.



## Letters to the Creative Woman

Dear Sirs,

We would be very glad to receive a review copy of: DIFFICULTY OF DETECTING SEXIST BIASES IN THE BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES by Ruth Bleier, which is in The Creative Woman Quarterly Vol. II, No. 4, Spring 1979. We are programming a next issue of our Journal entirely dedicated to Women and Science. And we believe that reading and discussing this text will be very interesting for us.

Yours Thankfully,

Marina Valensise  
NUOVA dwf  
donnawomanfemme  
quaderni di studi internazionali  
sulla donna  
Roma

Thank you for writing to us. We are delighted to provide you with Dr. Bleier's article. Best wishes to Italian feminists in their discussion of women and science.

Dear Dr. Hughes,

Having enjoyed The Creative Woman from its inception, I am happy to see it thrive and progress. I believe it fulfills a very special function within the women's movement information ecosystem: in its range, its openness, and a kind of beneficent ecumenism of the intellect. It energizes and promotes, rather than putting-down.

For a long time, I have been wanting to write and offer my services, if I could be useful to you. I believe an issue on "Women and the Law" would be valuable...not the usual thing, focusing only on the ERA or equal pay, etc., but a well-rounded, mixed media look at women in the legal profession (as judges, attorneys, paralegals, secretaries), a deromanticizing of the cultural role of the attorney, a look at the most significant legal issues for women in the balance of this century, a few poems, some art... I can see this clearly in my mind, and believe it would be a great issue, do-able by Spring of '82. It is a subject you have not done (in fact, I have never seen it done anywhere in the way I am describing it). I think it would be interesting, relevant, and accessible to all readers, from various disciplines, in a way that much of legal literature is not. I am very enthusiastic about both the subject matter and The Creative Woman itself. I would really love to edit this issue for you.

Sincerely,

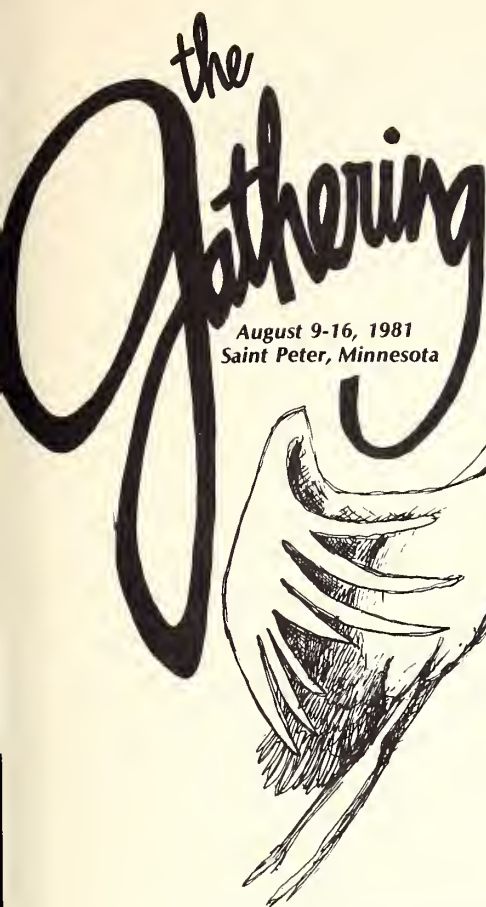
*Joanne*

Joanne R. Creager

*Your enthusiasm is contagious! I am already certain that this will be one of our very best issues to date.*

HEH

Contributions may be sent to The Creative Woman editorial office or to Joanne Creager, 2808 Aquino Drive, Sacramento, CA 95833 phone, (916) 922-4539



August 9-16, 1981  
Saint Peter, Minnesota

LET THE BIRD OF EARTH FLY  
A Report on The Gathering

by Helen E. Hughes

It takes eight hours to drive from Chicago to Saint Peter, Minnesota, through 460 miles of America's breadbasket; northern Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota are green and fruitful. As one zooms past miles of green corn and soybeans, there are also the amber waves of grain, and always, on the horizon, the assertive gestures of silos. On a Sunday evening, the small town is already buttoned up for the night, the streets dim and silent, not a person in sight--until one turns into Third Street and finds oneself in the midst of a Fellini film: the street is full of carnival figures, masks, painted faces, flowing diaphanous costumes and eccentric images. Yes! The Gathering. One drowning Ophelia, her face painted in six colors, behaves exactly like a registration clerk at any scientific convention, however, in the business-like way she enters my name, hands me my packet of materials, name tag and key to my dormitory room.

Saint Peter is a town of 4000 souls, if you don't count the residents of the mental hospital or Gustavus College. The theatrical groups that have arrived here from all parts of the country, making parades, making music, staying up late and celebrating the intense excitement of this event must create shock waves in this quiet town. The word is that most of the townspeople, especially businesses, welcome the trade of the visitors, but that there is a small "anti-Gathering" contingent, expressing the classic xenophobia of small towns.

It is a lot to absorb. Eighteen theatrical groups are here, and we are issued tickets to eighteen performances over eight days. Productions are staged in the evenings. During the days, workshops and discussion seminars meet, films are shown, lectures heard. The energy is tangible as several hundred talented young people engage themselves, their techniques, their creative juices, and each other. Along with an atmosphere of intense aliveness, one notes the open friendliness and courtesy that is the norm: everyone speaks a welcoming smile to everyone else, except for those who are shouting their joy amid embraces and cries of "BARBARA! YOU CAME. YOU DID!" It comes as no surprise that actors are exceptionally attractive people. The group also includes mature scholars and intellectuals, writers, activists, poets and artists. I knew Tecla was there before I laid eyes on her, having spotted her graphics in the corridor, and recognizing them from the UN World Conference on Women in Copenhagen, where she exhibited her powerful human portraits.

High points of the daytime seminar-workshops for me were all presentations by women. Karen Malpede, editor of Women in the Theatre: Compassion and Hope, spoke on "revitalizing Ritual and Myth." In her brilliant lecture she traced the roles of women from Greek tragedy to contemporary roles as a turning away from violence. She defined ritual as "the collective utterance of desire."

Deena Metzger, a poet from Topanga Canyon, California, described her work with cancer patients and traced the relation between silence, repression and cancer.

Louise Bruyn, of the American Friends Service Committee spoke on the uses of ritual, image, symbol and myth in empowering the feelings of hope that are prerequisites to the search for peace. Bruyn described the situation in which we find ourselves now on this planet as a crisis of danger and opportunity and asserted that "we are in the birth canal," and that the outcome of our struggle will depend on whether we can gather strength in time to stop the deployment of the nuclear bomb. Readers may read her publication "Feminism: the Hope for a Future" by writing to her at the AFSC, 2161 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140.

Phyllis Wilson of Chicago put on an unforgettable three hour ritual, invoking the power of the Great Goddess, the archetypical feminine in each of us. She used music, lecture, slides, stories, incense, candle, a fruitjuice communion, chanting and fantasy. For some of those present, it was a life-enlarging experience, evoking buried, latent memories of an archaic past. We met, and recognized, The Goddess.

The theatrical productions ranged from first class, absolutely professional masterworks, to hastily put together, not fully realized attempts at experimental theatre. There was room to explore all stages of the arduous creative process involved in conceptualizing, developing, and staging a work of authority; there was time also for criticism

which was sometimes educational and helpful, but on one occasion, brutal in the service of a narrow political ideology. Let me recommend to our coast-to-coast readers a few productions in the "don't miss" category. THE LAST YIDDISH POET, by A Traveling Jewish Theatre of Los Angeles, begins by recollecting the Yiddish theatre and vaudeville, goes on to recall the history of the Jews and the meaning of Jewishness today, and ends by somehow showing us what it means to be human. Corey Fischer and Albert Greenberg are superb artists, whose range and polished mastery of rhythm are stunning. Also in Los Angeles, see The Provisional Theatre's INCHING THROUGH THE EVERGLADES, a pungent, wry look at a few memorable "ordinary people." This group writes all its own script and music, intended to reflect and to change the world. In their words, "living and working in a land where loneliness, alienation and cynicism are becoming all too familiar, our works are about spirit, hope and potential."

A New York City Group, Talking Band, put on a dazzling music and variety act, WORKSONG, contrasting the lives and ideas of John D. Rockefeller and Frederick Winslow Taylor, (the inventor of time-motion studies and "scientific management") with the actual lives and thoughts of workers in the tunafish canning factory, sales offices, lunchroom and docks. Hilariously funny and biting in its sarcasm, this group marked a high point. They are managed by Performing Arts Services, 325 Spring Street, NY 10013. Other groups--"At the Foot of the Mountain", "Common Ground", "Heart of the Beast", "Word of Mouth", "Otra-banda" performed when I was unable to attend.

A tragic event occurred when Ken Feit, on his way to The Gathering, fell asleep at the wheel of his car, and died in an accident. Shocked and grieved, his friends formed an improvised group and put on his event, THE FOOL AND HIS VISION as a memorial. In an astonishing tour de force, one by one, fourteen people sang a song, told a story, or danced a haiku they had

learned from Ken. A sample of a  
danced haiku?

"Since my house  
burned down  
I now have  
a better view  
of the rising moon."



The character of the lost friend emerged powerfully as a person of bright wit and humor, deep spiritual commitments, and unusual gifts. In the registrants' list, Ken Feit had described himself with a characteristic unique flair: "I am an itinerant fool and story-teller who travels throughout the world conducting workshops in symbol/myth/ritual consciousness and performing allegorical mimes, fairy tales, creation myths, sound poems and other stories that attempt to awaken, disturb and heal. Hollawhaloopity!" (Without knowing it, had he written his obituary?) His presence was somehow sensed at the midnight performance, ending with a candlelight procession and the singing of "Simple Gifts."

The abundance that flows from the farmlands of our midwest provides the setting, but that material abundance is nothing, compared to the richness of the talent of our people. I saw and witnessed only a small fraction of what went on at The Gathering; and what was there is a small sample of the beauty, talent, brains, artistry and genius of Americans in the performing arts.

One concludes that our changing society, turning from a concern for human needs toward an emphasis on military strength, is in danger of losing the values and experiences that can make us a truly mature civilization. The performing arts have a dynamic role to play in the great unfinished task of helping a people to define its humanity.

Much credit is due to the people of The Cherry Creek Theatre of St. Peter, who organized The Gathering. Alixa Schultz, David Olson and friends worked for two years to make it happen, funded in part through a grant from the Minnesota Humanities Commission.

*We call upon all cultural workers—in the studios, the farms, the lecture halls, the factories—to join the men and women who work in the theaters at a gathering in August. We meet in the heart of the land...to learn from each other, to speak out collectively, to tell the stories that need telling, sing the songs.*



THE OPENING OF DOORWAYS  
(On Writing Poetry)

**S. de MATTIA**  
Via Bonito, 17/A  
80129 NAPOLI - ITALY

I. The Birth of Rain

Seed-shells of thought come tumbling down,  
like golden drops drizzling  
from the sky. They fecundate  
and grow green, mature  
as they tumble across shores  
of blank paper,  
as they move like the rough fingers  
of foam remembering;  
turning, weaving, washing:  
leaving a wake  
of colors.

The golden sprinklings flash red and disappear  
along the summer shore; the pulsing of tides  
ebb nearer  
into the shallow bright glow  
of the moon.

Later,  
darkness reaches out  
creating lone shepherds.  
A memory is being made  
of seeking shapes in the sky  
for comfort, a solitary song  
begins to twinkle  
against an infinity  
coming under control.

II. The Shadow Before Dream

Sloth creeps in shadows deeper  
than those between stars.  
It mans the myriad cells  
of the wanderless ghost-ship mind,  
caving into itself;  
caving into its dreams  
of past voyages  
that never were.

The cerebral rain calms  
into an infinity of waves  
blurring in the distance:

the hand slumbers  
against the dizzying drone  
of conches; against  
sea-roar, siren-call,  
and dream.

**S. de MATTIA**  
Via Bonito, 17/A  
80129 NAPOLI - ITALY

### III. The Opening of Doorways

Time sifts the seas  
while flames  
twist through the tendrils  
of a night-blooming cereus:  
a slow flood of images rises  
inside, rises  
to the soundings  
in a depth of sleep;  
to the opening of doorways  
in a misty corridor.

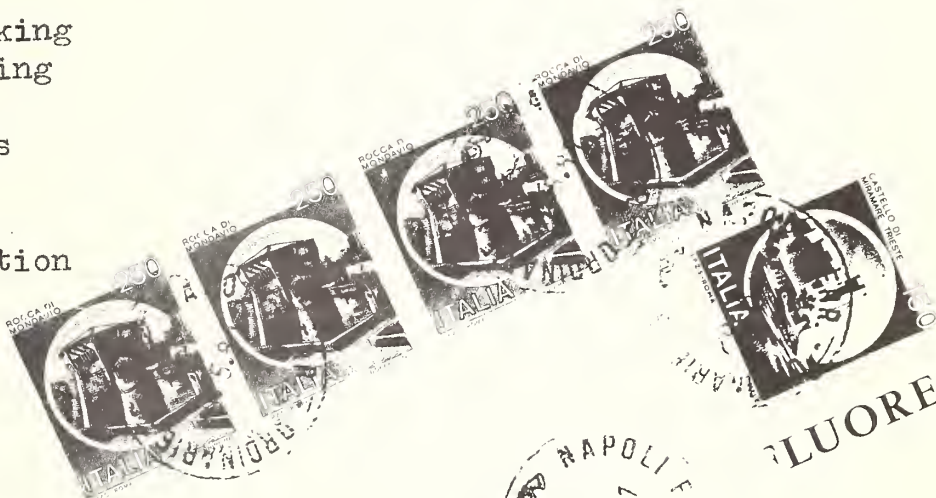
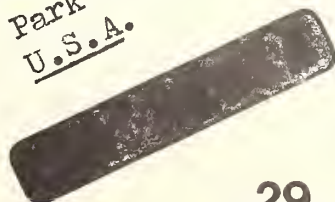
The images shape themselves,  
breaking into birth across shoals  
of fresh paper, dragging tides of ink  
behind them.

They are seeds cracking  
their pods, stretching  
through the earth  
to open the doorways  
of other corridors  
with the sun:  
a sun giving reflection

to a moon  
of light.

**S. de MATTIA**  
Via Bonito, 17/A  
80129 NAPOLI - ITALY.

Ms. Helen E. Hughes  
THE CREATIVE WOMAN  
Governors State University  
Park Forest South, Il. 60466  
U.S.A.



FLUORES!



# OUR HERITAGE IS OUR POWER

THE DINNER PARTY ARRIVES!  
CHICAGO COMES HOME!

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Chicago's two feminist bookstores will open annexes this fall on South Dearborn Street in the loop near the site of the exhibit of Judy Chicago's Dinner Party, opening on September 13, 1981.

Jane Addams Bookstore (established in December, 1976, and now located at 5 South Wabash, 15th floor) will have a store within The Dinner Party exhibit store at 714 South Dearborn.

Women and Children First (in business since November, 1979, at 922 West Armitage) will open a store at 731 South Dearborn on October 15, 1981 in conjunction with Some Girls--A Celebration of Chicago Women Artists, an exhibit complementing The Dinner Party while paying tribute to the excellence of Chicago women artists today.

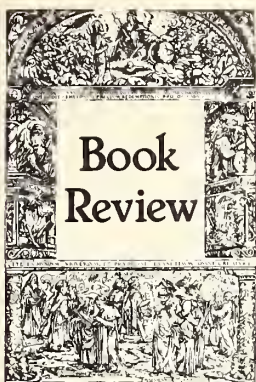
PARTICIPATE in the compiling of a collection of women's writings about abortion. First person narratives, poems, line drawings, any direct and honest expression of an abortion experience is welcomed. This book will be helpful to many women and men trying to understand abortion. Many women feel the need to share their experience, writing about it can help. (You need not use your own name). Write for further information or send your writings to: Susan Bagby 332-B Trescony, Santa Cruz, CA 95060

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OPENING...  
THE JOYCE MORISHITA EXHIBIT  
Gallery 2, Suite 3 300 Plaza in Park  
Forest, Il. thru September

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**Announcements . . . . Announcements . . . . Announcements . . . . Announcements**



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A LITTLE ORIGINAL SIN, The Life and  
Work of Jane Bowles by Millicent  
Dillon Holt, Rinehart and Winston  
MY SISTER'S HAND IN MINE, The Collected  
Works of Jane Bowles Ecco Press, N.Y.  
Book Review by Carolyn Carmichael

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Some years ago when I still kept up somewhat with avant-garde literature I read several of Paul Bowles books and was aware of the legend of his very talented wife Jane who, it was hoped, would some day write and publish more. In 1978 an expanded collection of her works was published under the title "My Sister's Hand in Mine". It is in one volume of about the same length

as Millicent Dillon's study of her life and work just published. Having read this excellent biography with mixed feelings of admiration for Dillon's skill, a touch of exasperation and dislike for her subject, and sadness for the deeply troubled life and tragically prolonged death of Jane Bowles, I went back to the works and reread several stories. This of

course is what a good biography should do: Lead one to the work.

On second thought I would have liked Jane after all, though such a moderate response may not have been possible. She was detested by some, adored by many. The biography is full of testimony as to her charm, her wit, her funniness, her sharp intelligence. She was the best of companions. These qualities are not evident in the quoted letters or scraps of conversations but one must believe in them. How else could she have captured and kept the love and friendship of so many discerning men and women in spite of her extreme willfulness, her exasperating indecisiveness, her anxiety induced erratic behavior, her phobias, her alcoholism, her permanent immaturity. Here is Truman Capote in his introduction to the "Works": "...she had seemed the eternal urchin, appealing as the most appealing of non-adults, yet with some substance cooler than blood invading her veins, and with a wit, an eccentric wisdom no child, not the strangest wunderkind, ever possessed".

We can't have her conversation but we have her writing with its unique style, its odd juxtaposition of line where the wit and humor does glimmer, and its compassionate attentiveness to her obsessed women. There is nothing else quite like it; it is to be admired and enjoyed. To cavil about the lack of scope, largeness of vision or whatever is to be ungrateful. A perceptive friend said of her "Jane was fundamentally-and beyond anything- interested in human beings and their behavior... She seemed at times to view life through a microscope and therefore see a very small part, highly magnified, to the exclusion of everything else."

In contrast to the very spare, concise writing in the play and the stories some of the letters are full of excruciating detail endlessly examined. The discipline was severe for the creative writing, and apparently intolerable most of the time.

Jane Bowles was born in 1917, grew up in New York and Long Island, the only

child of non-practicing Jewish parents. Her father figures in this biography as a gentle man who admonished the child against dramatizing herself, a stricture which she understood as her "original sin" of separating herself from the world of reality by living in her imagination. Her father died when she was thirteen and thereafter she lived in hotels in New York with her really foolish mother. The worst thing that could have happened to her, she once said. An old injury to her knee became tubercular and she spent two years in a clinic in Switzerland. (The knee was fused subsequently so she moved with a stiff-legged limp.) With a French tutor she read Gide, Proust, Celine, Montherlant. The biographer writes, "A remarkable release took place in her at Leysin (The clinic). She was no longer the shy withdrawn girl... Her imaginative wildness surfaced as extraordinary and fey charm. But she was on a knife edge, in precarious balance between opposing forces within herself. It was as if the external traction to which she had submitted was to remain within her forever." She now knew that she would be a writer.

Back in New York she did begin to write but also embarked on the long process of expunging her sin of separateness by diving into "The World" by way of Greenwich Village clubs, alcohol and lesbianism. These pages are evocative of that period in the pre-war thirties when clubs, bars, sophisticated literary talk did seem to be "The World" compared to home and school. For Jane Bowles it luckily led to involvement in the art-literature-music salons where she met her husband Paul Bowles, the composer and writer. From here on the names are mostly the well known names of such as Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote, Virgil Thompson and so on. This baffled marriage must nevertheless be in many ways an exemplary marriage of a lesbian and a homosexual. They were devoted to each other, often necessarily separated, more often living side by side, disliking and distrusting each others' companions. Paul, the disciplined artist, received much recog-

niton for his music and his novels; Jane, the writer who hated the act of writing, embroiled herself with people and with a series of affairs that were usually difficult and sometimes destructive. The scenes were New York, Mexico, Paris, Morocco, and briefly a tiny island off Ceylon. Tangier became their spiritual home, with its international set, the market place and its Arab women for Jane, the desert nourishing the bleak nihilistic side of Paul's nature.

There used to be a hint, an innuendo, in literary articles that while Paul was the more recognized writer, Jane's was the more original but suppressed talent, the suppression being somehow Paul's fault. This biography should dispel that notion if it still exists. The hint of madness was always there in her; her neurosis, if such it was, was her own as was her exploitation of it and her struggle against it. She received an amount of help, encouragement and critical acclaim that most writers have to do without, and most of the support came from Paul. It is one of the merits of this biography that the author has not done a psychohistory or made a feminist tract of the complexities and conflicts of Jane Bowles' life. Her explorations are sensitive and scrupulous to a high degree. She describes, and resists diagnosis other than the quoted ones of doctors. Her deepest insights come from an intuitive reading of the stories which is as it should be, because so many of Jane Bowles' characters seem to be externalized fragments of her own divided nature.

Jane Bowles had her first stroke in 1957. There followed hospitalizations, recoveries, further strokes, the foreknowledge of death, aphasia and brain damage psychosis, eventual paralysis, blindness and death in 1973.

A moving biography, finely written, as just and complete, I imagine, as it could be.



## FIREFLIES

-on how this issue came to be and  
how new topics emerge

### Images of a summer night

In the soft, damp dusk of a summer's evening, they appear. One by one, at first, then in constellations of tiny on-and-off lights. Children run over the wet grass, chasing them. If you catch enough of them to carry in your mason jar, there will always be some of them "on", and you will have enough to make a lantern--a free gift of light from Nature to you, a celebration of summertime. Is it far-fetched to compare a child's jar of lightning bugs with the physicist's rule of a "critical mass"? A scattering of tiny lights can be a fleeting pleasure, but once you reach a critical mass of those miniature fireworks, you can read a book by their light!

This summer has been like that: first a flicker here and there, then so many marvels accumulating that we have a blaze to share with our readers.

It started in early June. Listening to the televised commencement exercises from Notre Dame, I was transfixed by the words of a young woman, Nancy Haegel, one of two valedictorians, an engineer. Commencement addresses are notoriously cliché-ridden and she was actually talking about how she intended to make a difference in this world, how difficult problems will not yield to simplistic solutions but to deeply held convictions intelligently acted upon. By the time she came to the words "for our hands are strong and our hearts are young," I recognized the first firefly of the summer season and rejoiced at her young faith and brilliant eloquence. Feeling hopeful, I hoped that the gentleman who shared the platform with her, President Ronald Reagan, heard what she said. Her speech is just the right length to read aloud to your family after dinner tonight. You will find it on page 22.

As the summer wore on, an exceptional event began to take place on the campus of this University. The sculptor, Mary Miss, professor at Sarah Lawrence College, arrived to begin work on her monumental site-specific work, "Field Rotation." Daily we watched the progress of the artist and her assistants as the land was transformed. This issue honors Mary Miss and her work by our cover and the center-spread photographs.

Creative women in the arts have been sparkling all over the place this summer. Exhibits by our resident artists, Joyce Morishita and Judith Lacaria, and their remarkable students--some of whom are already doing art in the community--led Lynn Strauss to do a series of interviews and articles to give them recognition.

In August I took myself up to Saint Peter, Minnesota, as promised, to cover The Gathering. My impressions of the bright lights I met there are found on page 25.

At summer's end, we presented a lecture by Sara Shumer, "Two Concepts of Individualism at the American Founding." Professor Shumer, of Haverford College, stopped over to share her wisdom with us, en route home from her Sierra cabin. A political theorist, she has long been a friend of TCW and served as guest editor for our issue on "Women in Politics" in 1979. Her ideas were described as "stimulating," "uplifting" and "conscience-arousing".

Labor Day arrived: clear, crisp and sunny. Out, then, to the Kankakee River for a leisurely twelve-mile canoe trip down the fast-flowing currents. The final epiphany of the summer arrived in the form of a wet fish, a twelve-inch bass, who jumped into our canoe! This volunteer, this donor, this meal who invited itself to dinner, amazed and thrilled us. Surely this was a good omen. What could it mean? At the very least, this startling event was proof to us that gifts do happen and that whoever said "there is no free lunch" was definitely WRONG. It was a fitting ending to a season filled with delight,

surprise, enlightenment, and pleasure.

#### How new issues get started

In one of our sister publications, ANVIL, published in Winona, Minnesota, I read "The hardest part of working on the ANVIL is the consistent, and often overwhelming, exposure to ideas, projects, and people that need--and are worth--fighting for". Lynn, Joan, Suzanne and I say "Amen" to that. We now have topics in mind through 1983, in various stages of readiness.

Joanne Creager writes to us (see her Letter to the Editor, this issue) and we are committed to an issue that looks promising on Women and the Law. At The Gathering I meet experts on the roles women have played in theatre (Karen Malpede) and the peace movements (Louise Bruyn) and the nucleus of a future issue is begun. A week at a Slender Bender camp, and the example of women like Marilyn Harbeck and her physical fitness colleagues who run the "Y" programs at GSU, and we re-open our files on Women's Bodies and Health Concerns. We already have some fine poems to use in Women Flying. The growing momentum of the men's movements, through films, publications and organizing, reminds us to plan to take a careful supportive

look at how men are changing. Men who are interested in information about the newly forming National Men's Organization, may write to 5512 Bartlett Street, Box C, Pittsburgh PA 15217. As feminists, we welcome this movement. We feel encouraged when we see men wearing t-shirts endorsing the ERA. We all need all the help we can get. We need each other.

Issues firmly in place, then:  
Fall 1981 WOMEN IN THE THIRD WORLD  
Deadline: Nov. 1, 1981

Winter 1982 the long awaited FRONTIER  
issue Deadline Jan. 1, 1982

Spring 1982 Women in the Law or Women's  
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to be born first

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